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God alone has the right to be a misanthrope; for man there is only misogyny.

The attitude of the laughter-down of women is unusual, to be sure, but it is unusual merely by reason of the genuflective humility of the average man. In these days the penultimate science of the average man is gynolatry; his ultimate science is distrust of God. Here in the United States the worship of woman is carried to ludicrous lengths. The hen has been told so often that she can crow that she despises her natural function of laying eggs. In no country in the world are there so many hens able to give an imitation—tenuous and absurd, but recognizable—of the crowing of the cock. To be sure, it is not the lusty cock's crow. But then it is not a barn-yard cackle.

"Do you hear me crow?" I hear a disquieting noise. "And I lay no eggs—cockadoodledo!" Then are you neither cock nor hen, but a useless and mitigable nuisance.

And perhaps in these days when the hens hold conventions and their fritinancy disturbs the ears of thoughtful men it may not be superfluous to iterate the old truth that woman is physically, mentally, and morally inferior to man. She bears a certain resemblance to the masculine type. She is, indeed, an undeveloped man. Her place in "the scale of human life" is midway between the adolescent and the virile. As a matter of fact, her entire physical constitution—fine skin, frail bony structure, beardless face, feeble voice—is nearer to that of the boy than the man. This is no place for consideration of the physiological proof of this statement. The proportion of red to white blood-corpuscles; the caudal vertebrae, resembling those of the embryo or the ape; her very method of breathing, which is thoracic and not from the diaphragm; the shape of the head, like that of a child or a Kafir; the grey substance of the brain, lighter than in man—on all these points and a dozen others the craniologists, biologists, and anthropologists have spoken with authority. Woman's physical inferiority to man is a fact beyond question. Her physical structure is that of a lower animal. In her man may see—and it is an interesting study—many of the characteristics of the stages in his development through which he passed on his way from apehood to his wonderful manhood.

She is indeed an interesting study, this adolescent animal with the great white (not grey) brain, the phlegmatic senses and the dulled finger-tips!

But what a damnable noise she makes at this century's end!

Women have succeeded as courtesans; in this ancient but dishonourable profession for women they have attained their only success. In letters, painting, science, music, sculpture—nothing. When with simian—the feminine is nearer the simian than the masculine—ease they imitate the gestures of an artist one must always look in the background for a man. Behind Georges Sand loom the pitiful figures of Jules Sandeau, de Musset, Chopin; behind George Eliot one sees the bearded face of Lewes; and so, when a female novelist deteriorates or improves, takes up new subjects or dons a new manner, one need but say lightly, "*Eh, bien!*" She has taken a new lover."

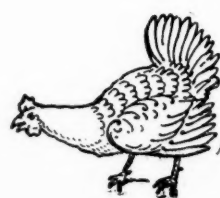
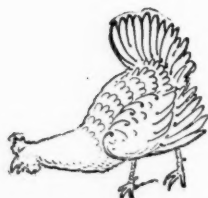
In letters, art, science—nothing. Her one success has been in the most ancient, though least honourable, profession for women. She can not even touch a musical instrument as can a man. She can not even make an omelet as deftly. The reason for her failure in these minor arts is akin to that for her failure in the higher. This white-brained animal, with the infantile disproportion of red and white corpuscles, is adapted to only one end. She can not play the piano with those dulled finger-tips, under the skin of which lurks feminine fat—all subtle impressions are lost on them. Her hand is slower than that of man to obey the nervous impulse—the message travels more slowly from the white brain to the insensitive fingers.

She is shut out of the arts by the plain physical fact that sight, hearing, touch, taste, smell—all her senses—are less highly developed than those of man. Shorter of sight than man, with the sense of hearing duller and slower, with imperfectly developed organs of taste, smell, and touch—surely it is neither to her credit nor her discredit that she has failed in all the higher fields of artistic and intellectual achievement. She has to do her work with imperfect instruments.

There is no shame in her inferiority. A male child is inferior in certain stages of its growth to a woman.

You will say that there are many men who proclaim that woman is the equal of the

LEADER



man. Why not? Does one tell the child one loves of its inferiority? So many reasons, too, there may be for saying the thing which is not. Half the charm of love consists in flattering the loved one—her adolescent beauty or her adolescent intellects. Then it pleases the woman whom one wishes to please. The acknowledgement is a weapon against the rival. And, again, the modern, uncritical American man is a wooer who pushes flattery to the point of abjectness. It is cheaper to acknowledge woman's equality than buy diamonds and orchids. But the great, grim God of Truth laughs down these lying pretences. Physically inferior, mentally inferior, she is for these very reasons morally inferior. She has not, to be sure, the flamboyant vices of men, but she has her own, individual and more serious.

Your physiologist will tell you one irrefragable reason for this inferiority to which I need not advert here.

In the man of normal constitution the loss of fifteen ounces of blood produces syncope; the loss of five and a half ounces monthly during a period of twenty-five years would enfeeble him to imbecility.

Sorotic women argue that man and woman started equal; that it is only man's tyranny which has degraded woman in the scale of life. So be it. Perhaps this is as good a way as any other of satisfying the feminine mind. It begs the question by acknowledging the very inferiority at issue. And when will woman overtake man in his ascent? A and B start from a given point; A travels at a speed of ten miles a day; B travels at a rate of six miles a day; when will B overtake A?

Ah, my brothers, let us have done with this absurd gynolatry. She is a wonderful animal, white-brained and amorous, made for fondling joys and disquieting nights, shaped to fulfil a certain necessary function; man should protect her as he does his young, for, like them, she is adolescent, irrational, imperfectly developed; man should love her, but how monstrous it is to worship her! Have done, my brothers, splendidly masculine, masters in philosophy, science, commerce, industry, mechanics, masters in arts and letters, have done, have done! You have lent her your tail-feathers, and when she has mounted the dunghill and cackled you have cried mendaciously, "Why, she crows as well as any cock of us all!"

Tush! Tush! The flattering lie is stale now. Kiss her and coddle her, feed her immature flesh and cover her undeveloped bony structure with gay and riant robes, but have done with the foolish, flattering lie. She is beginning to take it seriously. She, who is man's complement, his shadow, his utility, and the bond that binds him to the lower animals, half believes that she is like man, splendidly masculine, wonderfully God-like.

You suggest that it is only the old hens and sterile—those who can not fulfil their function—who crow? Perhaps you are right. But your suggestion is not remedial. Labouchere advises, "Slay all women over forty years of age"; this, however, is only a makeshift. In you lies the remedy—have done with your genuflection; mount the dunghill, my magnificent brothers in masculinity, and flap your wings and crow.

The hen has a right to cackle only on one occasion—when she lays an egg; she never has a right to crow, and by reason of imperfect thoracic development she never can crow.



LOVE

*In antique, anonymous nights
The apoplectic Cosmos dropped
A little world; far down the heights
Of space it rolled and stopped.*

*It waited errabund years
For the hymeneal boon;
It weltered in nebulous tears
Till the Cosmos dropped a moon.*

*The apoplectic Cosmos, ho!
Love, love, love, love—do, mi, sol, do!*



FRUSTRATE

JAMES
GIBBONS
HUNEKER



O the misty plaint of the Unconceived! O crystal incuriousness of the unborn monad! The faint swarming downward toward the light and the rending of the sphere of hope, frustrate, inutile. I am the seed called Desire; I am he, I am she. We walk, we swim, we totter, and we blend. Through the ages I lie in the womb of Time; I am sweated by Fate into the Now. On pulsing terraces, under a moon blood-red, I dreamed of the mighty confluence. About me were my kinsfolk. Full of dumb pain we pleased our centuries with anticipation. We watched as we gamed away the hours. From Asiatic plateaus we swept to Nilotic slime. We roamed in primeval forests, vast and arboreally sublime, or sported with the behemoth and listened to the serpent's sinuous irony. We chattered with the sacred apes and mouthed at the moon, and in the Long Ago we wore the carapace and did forthright things on coprolitic sands—sands stretching into the bosom of the earth, sands woven of windy reaches touching the sun. We lay with the grains of corn in Egyptian granaries and saw them fructify under the smile of the sphinx. We buzzed in the ambient atmosphere, gaudy dragon-flies or whirling motes in full cry after humming-birds. Then from some cold crag we launched with wings of fire-breathing pestilence and fell fathoms under the sea to war with lizard-fish and narwhal. For us the supreme surrender, the joy of the expected. With cynical glance we saw the Buddha give way to the Christ. We watched protoplasmically the birth of planets and the confusion of creation. We saw horned monsters become gentle ruminants and heard the scream of the pterodactyl in the tree-tops dwindle to child's laughter. We heard, we saw, we felt, we knew, and yet we were unconceived, unborn. Yet hoped we on, for every monad has his day. One by one the septillions and millions, the quintillions and billions, disintegrated from the central parent mass and floated into formal life. And we watched and waited. Ours was to be the crowning triumph. Our evolution had been the latest delayed until, heartsick with longing, many of my brethren wished for annihilation.

At last I was alone, save one. The time of my fruition was not afar. O for the moment when I should realize my opal dreams! I saw this last one swept away, swept down the vistas toward life, the thunderous surge of passion singing in her ears. A soul was about to be born. O that my time would come! At last, after vague alarms, with overwhelming torrents of rutilant fires, I was summoned. The hour had struck; eternity was left behind and eternity loomed ahead, implacable, furrowed with Time's scars. I hastened to my love, to that other monad, the only one in the vast basin of the cosmos that must unite with me. I tarried not and throbbed as I ran in the race. The moments were precious; a second meant aeons, and, crashing into the light, I furiously sought for her, for the one. Alas! I met her not. We turned the sharp corner of the Possible and were lost to each other forever. Of what avail my travail? Of what avail my countless cruel preparations? O Chance! O Fate! I am one of the accursed silent multitude of the Frustrate!



TAVERN LIFE

*Let us eat, lads, drink and merrily drink
As long as there's wine to share,
For its ten to one when we cross the brink
We shall find no taverns there.
Eat, drink, and kiss if the lass be fair,
And take the sun o' the weather,
For a wise man fears there's an end of the years
And the dancing-girls together—
An end of it altogether!*

* * * * *
*Never a tavern where glasses ring,
Never a light-foot girl to sing
With a kissing mouth, and take her fling—
An end of it altogether.*



There are, I think, in modern Italian letters only three writers whom one need watch with any alert expectancy. Dr. Michaelo Kerbaker, professor of Oriental languages in the university of Naples, has made valuable researches in Buddhistic literature. At once a philologist and a poet, his translation of the first act of the "Mricchaka-Tika" is a masterpiece. Then there is that strange, artificial, and yet impassioned school-mistress of Motta-Visconti, Adda Negri. She is—and this is often the case—an ardent anarchist in her politics, and in her verse a ferocious classicist. It would be useless to expect from her any high accomplishment, but she represents a phase of literary life in Italy which it would be unwise to overlook. She represents the attitude of peasant Italy—profile of a poet, eyes of an anarchist.

D'Annunzio is lord of Italian letters to-day. I wish very much to interest you in his books. I dare say the best way to do it would be to tell you something about the man. It was only a few years ago that his reputation crossed the Alps. My fugitive acquaintance with him (my more satisfactory acquaintance is with his books) dates from the first-night of Mascagni's now famous little opera. On the spur of the moment I could not tell you even the year. I fancy it was in July of 1890. A few weeks later we foregathered in Florence. I remember a breakfast at which D'Annunzio played the part of agreeable rattle—but, indeed, he was scandalously young then, and I was little better. He was born in 1864—a capital year for wines and men—on a brigantine which was storm-harried on the Adriatic. He was put to school when he was nine years old; at fifteen he discovered (the golden lad!) that he was a poet. He wrote a volume of verse—"Primo Vere"—which his complaisant papa had published. The volume is now a bibliographic treasure. I never saw the book; D'Annunzio says it was rubbish. Marc Monnier in the "Swiss Review" criticized the little volume at length. He concluded by saying: "If I were this lad's school-master, I should crown him with laurels and flog him." When D'Annunzio was twenty he went to Rome, where he studied and wrote and disgraced himself with amours. He published two volumes of verse, in which he celebrated—with Roman insolence—the joys of the flesh. The "Intermezzo di Rime" has Swinburne's impeccable syllabic beauty, Swinburne's abject love for rose-white flesh. Success came to him tumultuously, as it came to Byron; as it came to that poor, futile creature, Mascagni. Early in the eighties, while we in Germany were prostrate before Ibsen—most dramatic of pedagogues!—and they in France were watching the dawn of Idealism, in Italy there was only D'Annunzio, a solitary, hectic, flamboyant figure in the arid desert of letters. His first prose, I believe, is of the year 1884. Since then he has written book after book, novel after novel. His best works are "Giovanni Episcopo" (1892); "L'Innocente" (1892), which, by the way, is now appearing in the "Neue Deutsche Rundschau"; and the "Trionfo della Morte" (1894).

From him one may expect much—this blond, blue-eyed, square-shouldered, high-browed fellow of thirty-one, in whom there stirs such tremendous Latin energy, in whom there is such artistic zeal, white and strenuous as an electric light.

He chisels words as Flaubert did, as Walter Pater; he has de Maupassant's immense clairvoyance; as well, he has no little of Balzac's power—of Turgenev's power—of questioning souls. No writer of to-day, unless it be Strindberg, has quite his keen scent for moral anomalies, for the subtle crimes that lurk in dark corners of the mind.

* * * * *

Professor Boyesen's death is a distinct loss to what passes for American literature. I have, I must confess, no very high opinion of his fiction. But in a country singularly provincial he stood for the ideal which the Comte de Vogue calls "a passion for the planet." He brought Scandinavia and the magnificent Norse literature home to a people which was battenning on Howells. It was something; it was much to have been the forerunner of Bjornson, the John-the-Baptist of Ibsen.

A few months ago I reviewed his "Essays on Scandinavian Literature" in "The Commercial Advertiser." The review called forth this letter:

FOREIGN LETTERS

ITALIAN WRITERS



BOYSEN AND BRANDES



Columbia College,
New York, June 12, 1895.

Mr. Vance Thompson.

My Dear Sir: I have just read some fifty or sixty reviews of my "Essays." I hope you will not object to my telling you that yours has given me the greatest pleasure. With the exception of that of my friend Mabie, it is the only one which betrays a previous knowledge of the subject. Allow me to compliment you on your extraordinary acquaintance with contemporary literature and to thank you for the fair-mindedness with which you have treated my volume.

I see that your estimate of Brandes differs somewhat from mine; but I surely do not yield to you in admiration of his splendid critical equipment. Only I can not but regret the wildly anarchistic tendencies of his latest books, which, in my opinion, are subversive of all morality and, moreover, inconsistent with his professed belief in evolution. I know Brandes personally and he strikes me as a bitterly disappointed man. Now I prefer to judge him by his period of sanity and unbiased judgement, and with all my liberality and aversion for dogmatic criticism I can not but deplore such work as his essays on "Luther," "Nietzsche," etc. Renan, anticipating the frailties of old age, and the impaired powers incident upon physical decay, begged most earnestly to be judged by the work of his sane and healthy manhood; and I think that the best service a critic can do an author who, like Brandes, has passed his prime, is to make allowance for the unhappy circumstances which have clouded his vision and distorted his judgement.

Thanking you again for your able and sympathetic review, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

H. H. Boyesen.

Professor Boyesen's opinion of the latter-day Brandes is that of the average man. I fancy, however, that Brandes, indifferent egotist that he is, would hardly be ready to accept the excuse of failing powers and physical decay. Indeed, I can almost imagine him saying with St. Simon, "My self-esteem has always grown in proportion to the harm I have done my reputation." Dr. Brandes is one of the few great critics in this critically poverty-stricken age. It is not too much to say that he is the highest personification of international criticism. No one has comprehended the genius of divers literatures quite so well. There is a reason for this. Georg Brandes belongs to that wonderful race which, having no country of its own, is at home in all countries. He is a Jew born in Denmark. This minusculous Denmark was merely the vantage-point from which he surveyed England and Germany, France and the white Northland. He has called himself a "Dane, extremely Danish," but this was "blague." In his green youth he was a Frenchman, a fantastic Frenchman, aristocratic, sceptical and bitter, lucid and impetuous, lyric and melancholy, as though the "Ecclesiastes" were set to the "Intermezzo." Then he fell under Darwin's influence and that of Herbert Spencer. His strange, chameleonic Jewish blood took on a British frigidity. The mood passed and Germany claimed him until, disappointed of a professorship, he went back to Danish habits of thought. The last state of this man has been one of anarchy. Prof. Boyesen urges that it is not significant of the man at his best. To my mind this anarchy is the soul of Georg Brandes. This wandering Jew of literature! His naked soul has wandered ceaselessly; it has worn the antic garments of France and suits of English gentility; it has sought a home in Germany and Norway, Denmark and Greece; and there is no rest for the wandering, naked thing. "The naked stars grinned overhead, and he saw that his soul was bare."

Oh, this I have felt, and this I have guessed, and this I heard men say,
And this they wrote that another man wrote of a carl in Norrøway.

Could there be any other end than sheer anarchy? Any other end than the autolatry into which the man has fallen? But even this mood he got from Nietzsche. From one of the essays to which Professor Boyesen objects ("Det Moderne Gjennembruds Moend") I translate a passage in which there is Brandes's latest credo.



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"I have spoken of Nietzsche because it seems to me that the belles-lettres of the North have been steeped in the ideals of the last decade long enough. The same old doctrines have been exploited to satiety: certain doctrines of heredity, a little Darwinism, the emancipation of woman, the utilitarian morale, free thought, the cult of the people. As to the education of our literati, the moment seems to be near at hand when the line marked by the French review, 'des Deux Mondes,' will become the culminating point of their culture. No one, even among the best of us, seems to see that true culture begins precisely on the other side of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes'—at the point of untrammelled personality, original, fecund in ideas. The intellectual development of the North lands has been rapid enough. We have seen great writers, who began in naive orthodoxy, get out of their orthodoxy. This without doubt is very respectable, but when they show themselves incapable of going further, it is, after all, not much."

Dr. Brandes mocks this emburgessed hypocrisy, which plays at daring by criticizing the Augsburg confession. And his last word is a plea for independence in thought, hardy self-esteem; for the Nietzschean attitude; and his voice is the voice of one crying, "Anarch and Autolatrist, I am illustriously Myself!"

This wandering Jew of literature! After all, he has only clothed himself in Nietzsche's cast-off clothing. Unhappy one, he has been doomed never to be himself. His is the fatal faculty of assimilation—which Sir. A. Sullivan has, which Mendes has, and Kahn, which Marx had, and Lasalle—that faculty of decorating and vulgarizing science, philosophy, the arts; the Jewish faculty of being other than oneself. An intellectual outlaw, Brandes is the personification of international criticism.

As far as Professor Boyesen's objection goes, I believe that Dr. Brandes is quite as much himself decked in Nietzsche's garments as he was when he posed as a sober British moralist.

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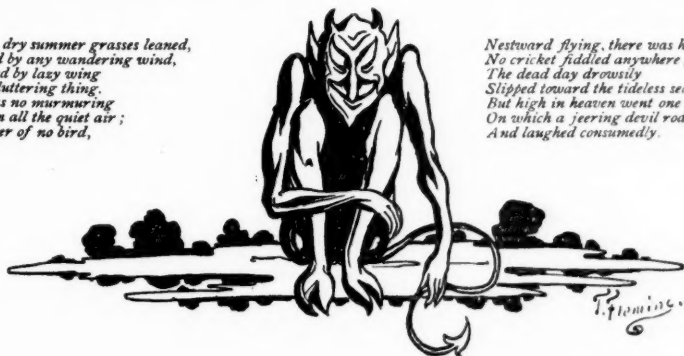
Eugenio de Castro, this extraordinary young poet of Portugal, has published a new poem, and of it one can only say that it is worthy to rank with his own "Belkiss." "Sagramor" is the history of a Soul. It is told in seven lyric symbols, introduced by a prologue in prose. Each symbol represents one of the illusions which cheat the soul in its quest for happiness; the sports of Love; the power of Wealth; black care, which rides behind the spurring horseman; the mirage of Glory; the futile hope in Science and the vain hope in Faith; hope in the compassion of Nature, herself unhappy; hope in Death, which will not come. All these Sagramor has known. Each has cheated him in turn. As he weeps and is cast down, there troop before him—wailing their satiety, moaning with inappeasable hunger for they know not what—the phantoms of Sardanapalus, of Belkiss, and of Solomon, Cleopatra, Caligula, and Giles de Rais, Fra Gil de Santarem, Ludwig II., and Baudelaire. And Sagramor, too, cries his woe—the woe of this worn generation, so immensely sad, immensely ignominious, immensely miserable; the woe of sated eyes and nocturnal lips. In vain he summons the old illusions; they vanish, fictive and shadowy. Love? Has he not loved? "Kisses; vertiginous and mad—On the mouth roses which flower—In the heart red wounds, which gape." Riches? "What shall one gain for gold?—There's no vendue of happiness." Travel? "The earth is little." Glory? "But they say the world will have an end." The cry of Science is meaningless and the voice of Death is without consolation. Hear now the seventh voice, which is the voice of Life: "I, it is I, who am Death,—All-conquering, mother of Mystery,—The secret mother; but choose not me—Pass on! Away! I have fear of thee!—I, it is I, who am Life!—Powerless to die.—Thou shalt live, aeons of years—It is suffering enough."

Then other voices, innumerable voices, anonymous voices: "Ask! All pleasures, the subtlest and rarest—Wilt thou be king? Or a star?—Answer! Ask what thou wilt!"—"I do not know—I do not know!"

I do not know—and this, too, is the burthen of this sated and indifferent century.

THE QUEST OF SAGRAMOR

The long, dry summer grasses leaned,
Unstirred by any wandering wind,
Unbrushed by lazy wing
Of any fluttering thing.
There was no murmuring
Abroad in all the quiet air;
The twitter of no bird,



Nestward flying, there was heard;
No cricket fiddled anywhere;
The dead day drowsily
Slipped toward the tideless sea;
But high in heaven went one black cloud
On which a jeering devil rode
And laughed consumedly.

J. J. Collins



THE BAFFLED
ENTHUSIAST
PHILIP HALE

After I left the porter's lodge I walked along lustily under trees that muttered "We are so old, so old!" and I soon saw the house of Mr. Galahad Hyslip, set in a fair landscape. High, supreme September noon; an English lawn; a non-chalant, white peacock, dazzling, stupid, chaste; an old garden with boxed paths; and there were the yellow fleabane, chequered meadow-saffron, the bladder catchfly, purple starwort, naked crocuses, passion flowers, crimson rudbeckia, rue, and Guernsey lilies. Doves cooed and were not ashamed. Thin smoke crawled skyward out of an ivied chimney. There was the pungency of smouldering wood. The sun loafed in an indifferent sky. Peace! Peace!

I gave the letter of Dr. Forbes-Winslow to the hall-boy and I was shown the way to a cool room with heavy, burgess furnishings. "Mr. Hyslip will be down soon. Will you use everything at your pleasure?"

There were half a dozen paintings on the walls of the low-studded room—two or three conventional family portraits; an elderly, bewigged gentleman held a tome as though he might drop it, afraid of a purple-tasseled curtain and a rising thunder-cloud; a rakish cavalier, with sword and watery eyes; an admirable copy of Rembrandt's "School of Anatomy"; a picture of the first autopsy—the physician and the girlish corpse (I have forgotten the name of the painter). This was the only picture of woman in the room.

Mad for books, I looked at the titles of those within easy reach. There were the writings of Tarnowsky, Gyurkovechky, Moreau of Tours, Ball, Moll, Laycock, Binet, Roubaud, Descuret, Tardieu. There was a superb copy of "Geneanthropeia," by Jo. Benedictus Sinibaldus, Rome, 1642, the first edition. There were the four volumes of Martin Schurigier, printed in Dresden in the first half of the eighteenth century. There were rows and rows of surgeons' reports and large atlases.

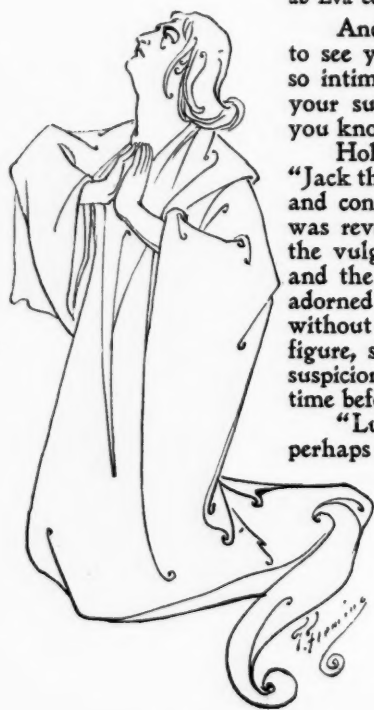
On the sarcophagal centre-table was an envelope addressed to Mr. Hyslip, and it also bore the address of a Sheffield cutlery firm. By it were two little books, both by Hadrian Beverland, that prodigy of unhappy learning. One was the famous "Peccatum Originale." The other was that Dodo-book, horrid in cynicism and unhallowed erudition, "De Stolatae Virginitatis Jure," 1679. I had never before seen the little book and I opened it at random. On the third page are these words:

"Quicquid agunt, cogitant, coquunt, somniant, aut precantur, tendit omne ad efferatam libidinem, ab Eva concitatem, haud tralatitia voluptate sedandam."

And as I read a whitish-bluish voice spoke close to my ear, "I am delighted to see you. The letter of Dr. Forbes-Winslow was not necessary—we were not so intimate as he gives out—but I welcome all Americans; I have long admired your surgeons and your detectives. They must be fine fellows. In London, you know, they are bunglers."

Holy Virgin! Could this man of gentle breeding and gracious carriage be "Jack the Ripper?" I was prepared to meet a man of education, strong convictions, and considerable reserve force, but never did I dream of such manly gentleness as was revealed in the face and the bearing of Mr. Galahad Hyslip—let us forget the vulgar nickname in the mouths of prudes and flippant persons and the low and the debased. His forehead was porcelain in its whiteness, and chestnut locks adorned a shapely head. His eyes were of kindly blue. A commanding nose without aggressiveness; a mouth betraying generous impulses and sincerity. Of figure, slender and finely proportioned, with hands and feet delicate, yet without suspicion of effeminacy; the impression made was that of a courtier of the olden time before the name was synonymous with sycophant and debauchee.

"Lunch is served, they tell me. Will you not join me? We can then talk perhaps more freely." And we walked together to another room. I say we



walked, although I did not hear his steps on the inlaid floor, and yet as I glanced at his feet I saw that he wore walking-boots. But Mr. Hyslip was gentle in everything.

How beautifully he carved the birds! Firmly, tenderly, exactly, and without ostentation. They quivered once, with delight, recognizing the skill of a master. I could not withhold a compliment, a silly speech, for I was not yet at ease. He thanked me in simple fashion, "Yes, carving is one of my few accomplishments. But I carve now only for my guests." He ate no meat. "For some years," he said, "I have been a vegetarian." "But you are not related to the Vegetarians of China?" I asked, hardly knowing what I said, or perhaps moved by the cursed spirit of American humor. "I have never been in China," he answered, "there has been so much for me to do in London." Neither did he drink wine, except to pledge me. "You will find me an odd person, I fear. Even milk is abhorrent to me."

And then he talked delightfully. Let me recall some of the conversation, without the questions and answers of the reporter's interview. Not that he insisted on monologue. He asked much concerning America; he busied himself hospitably about my journey, but I only put down here his sayings of permanent interest.

"Yes, it is true that some of the semi-educated have compared me with the Marquis de Sade; he had not mastered his profession, and then he was so shockingly immoral. Even my good friend Dr. Krafft-Ebing has fallen into this error; but he assures me that the mistake will be corrected in the next edition of his invaluable work, which, by the way, will be dedicated to me. No, I am a disciple of no school. I acknowledge no master. Whatever I have done, of whatever worth it may be, viewed artistically, of whatever benefit to the world at large, it is my own.

"You will admit that there is to-day a healthier tone in English society, particularly since the overthrow of Gladstone and those damned Radicals. I admire Gladstone as a religious writer and like to think of him debating as to whether man is intrinsically immortal or merely immortalizable.

"No, I am not much interested in modern belles-lettres. French novels are to me so much export literature. The instrumentalists et al. are so many babblers and chatterers. As for the realists, the surgeon is your true realist. I have not read Ibsen's plays. Maeterlinck wrote prefaces to mystical thoughts of Ruysbroeck and Novalis, and they are of solace to me in my retreat. Oh, I forget Laforgue—Jules Laforgue—whose 'Lohengrin' should be read by every young man of worthy ambition. The books you saw in the drawing-room are chiefly books of reference of a professional nature. My library is up-stairs. There I keep the books dear to me, the books that have influenced me: 'The Early Christian Fathers,' especially Saint Augustine's 'City of God'; 'The Adventures of Jacques Sadeur'; 'The Revelations of Antoinette Bourignon'; 'The Theatre of God's Judgments'; and, above all, Thomas à Kempis, who teaches self-denial. Self-denial, the one thing to be sought, and if the unfortunate have not the courage to practise self-denial they must be helped, even though the assistance may seem cruel.

"I am fond of 'Treasure Island'; there's no woman in it.

"Puvis is to me the painter, as Palestrina is the one musician.

"I live here quietly, seeing very few persons. The Dean dines with me occasionally, but I am tired easily and like to be alone. By the way, when you deal thirteen cards for a stock in Patience and start with one to build from, do you then put down three cards and add to both ends, or put down four and add only as from eight to seven, or king to queen?

"I was much interested in surgery when I was a lad. One day I read a sentence by Hadrian Beverland beginning, 'Quicquid agunt, cogitant'—you know Latin, of course? That moment I consecrated myself to my mission."

There was a long pause after this statement concerning the first awakening to the necessity and the responsibilities of a life-mission. We had talked of many,

This is Philip Hale. Condemned by the cruel war, Chance, he makes exquisite and fluted prose for musical mediocrities in the drab town of Boston. He is a genius harnessed to a newspaper. Beauty mated in inky commerce with the Beast. Some strange, tepid night he will unfold his sonorous wings and whirl his way to New York, to "Mlle. New York," and then his incomparable voice shall shout in ivory-moulded tones for them that wander on the house-tops. But alas, he drags sullen anchor now in drab Boston town.



many things and the shadows were a lengthening. I might never see him again. Should I dare to ask the question? It escaped my mouth before I had framed it carefully so as not to offend.

"One murky night," said Mr. Hyslip, "I went to the city in the pursuit of my calling. I shall never forget that night. Not superstitious, not easily perplexed, I felt while in the station a foreboding of evil. 'Twas nearly cock-crow before I found in a wretched boozing-ken a creature in need of assistance, so it seemed to me. But it was a New Woman, and for the first time in my professional experience I found no field wherein to operate."

Mr. Hyslip was agitated, but he did not rebuke my thoughtlessness. There were ebon tones in his voice, ebon spotted with flaming scarlet and angry red, as he told of his bitter disappointment. "Pardon me," he said, "but it is my hour for resting. My nights were so long disturbed that the physician advises sleeping in the day until I am stronger. Another time you will come and chat with me and I'll show you my collection; it is at least unique."

Without the doves were cooing and were not ashamed. The nonchalant, white peacock still stood, dazzling, stupid, chaste. The air was still surcharged with the pungency of smouldering wood. Thin smoke still crawled skyward out of an ivied chimney. Peace! Peace!

And I was loath to quit the charmed scene.



ONE IN THE CROWD

*From matin chime to even bell,
Now up, now down,
He wanders through the town;
Even the blind beggar knows his footsteps well.*

*His face is void, preoccupied
With some vague thought
That evermore, half-caught,
Eludes him as he stares, eyes opened wide,*

*Unwatchful of the passing show
And of the throng
That, hurrying along,
With jostling elbows bump him as they go.*

*Through trodden mud his steps he plies—
Fate's humble tool.
And yet this wide-mouthed fool
Walks with his head among the spangled skies!*

A. L. M. GOTTSCHALK

REGINA POPULORUM

*She was a queen, such as a queen should be,
Who dragged a jewelled flood of rich brocade
Over the tessellated floors, inlaid
With hued stones, haughtily.*

*And as she walked she went in regal guise,
Unconscious, sowing heartaches and numb pain;
Upon her carven lips a calm disdain,
Indifference in her eyes.*

*Nor looked she at the tinselled troubadours,
Whose slender fingers flittingly caressed
The tense strings into love tunes; she possessed
Her thoughts for paramours.*

*And she, the queen—'twas thus the legend ran—
Who could have set her small foot, silken-shod,
Upon the necks of the elect of God,
Cared for no living man.*

*Then, as men sometimes do, her knights grew wild
For frenzied jousts, and many a bright blade brake,
Spattered with blood and brains, for her love's sake.
And yet she never smiled*

*Till, frightened at the sea of tossing crests,
The clarion's blare, or the steel's strident ring,
Her ape, a noisome and outlandish thing,
Cowered, grinning, between her breasts.*

A. L. M. GOTTSCHALK



At nine o'clock the sun set. A dull mist spread along the earth; a few stars pricked the sky; two hours later one saw the light of the moon. I wandered through the woods, my gun in a shoulder-strap. My dog followed at my heels. I lit a fire, the light of which went glimmering through the branches. It was not cold.

"It is the first night of iron," I said to myself. The hour and the place filled me with a curiously troubled joy.

A toast, O men and beasts and birds, a toast to the silent night in the woods, in the woods! A toast to the shadows and the voices of the gods among the trees; a toast to the serene and simple delights of the great silence which caresses my ears; a toast to the green leaves and the yellow leaves.

Let us drink to the noise of life—I hear the quick breath—a dog snuffs the earth. A joyous toast to the cat who crouches to leap on the sparrow in the shadows, in the shadows. A toast to the earth, to the stars and the half-moon—ho, to the stars and the demi-lune!

I rise and listen. No one has heard me. I sit again by the fire.

My thanks to the silent night, to the night of peace, to the mountains and the sounds of the sea which flood my heart. And to my life, thanks, to my breath; for the boon of living this night, my thanks. Hark to the East and the West—hear, then, it is the eternal God.

A thread of light from the fire shines in my eyes. I hear the oars of a skiff troubling the water. An aurora-borealis glides out of heaven to the north, far to the north. Oh, by my immortal soul, I give thanks that it is I, even I, who am seated in this place.

Silence. A pine-cone falls heavily to earth. A pine-cone has fallen, think I. The moon is high. The fire has spread to the branches and half consumed them. The hour is late and I go home through the night.

The second night of iron. The same tranquility and serene weather. My soul speculates; mechanically I select a tree and stretch myself at its foot, my cap over my eyes, my hands under my head. And I look at the flames. I see a glint of flame from my fire. I reflect on what I have done. But why stare into the glint of flame?

Aesop, my dog, lifts his head, his ears thrown forward; he hears a step. A moment later Eva comes.

"I am pensive and sad and black," I say, and she, in sympathy, makes no answer.

"I love three things," I say, "the dream of a love I had once and you and the black pine forest, here where the heart of earth beats."

"And which do you love the best?"

"The dream."

For a little while silence. Aesop knows Eva; he lays his head on her knee and looks in her face. I murmur:

"To-day I met a girl on the highway. She was on the arm of her lover. The girl stared at me curiously and could hardly keep from laughing as I passed."

"What was she laughing at?" Eva demanded.

"Undoubtedly she was laughing at me. Why did you ask that?"

"Did you know her?"

"Yes. I bowed to her."

"And she didn't know you?"

"No. But why do you question me in this way? It is unkind. You will not make me tell you her name?"

A pause.

I murmur again:

"What made her laugh? Of course, she is a coquette, but why did she laugh? In God's name, what did I do?"

Eva replies:

"It was wicked of her to mock you."

"No, it was not wrong of her," I cry, "you must not blame her. She did nothing wrong. She was right to laugh at me. Keep quiet and leave me in peace, do you hear?"

Then Eva is silent. I glance at her face and, incontinent, repent my harsh words. I fall at her feet and take her hands in mine.

"Go home, dear, now. It is you, you, you I love the best. How could I love a dream? It was a foolish jest. It is you, you I love. And now go, dear."

And Eva went away.

The third night of iron, night of extreme anxiety. If it were only cold! But no; a stifling heat lingers now the sun has gone. I arrange my fire.

"Eva, there might be a certain pleasure in being dragged by the hair. Even torture is not all pain. Thus a man might be dragged by his hair through valleys and over mountains, and if by chance someone should ask him, 'What is the matter?' he would answer joyously, 'I am being dragged by the hair,' and if someone should ask him, 'Can I not aid you? Can I not rescue you?' he would answer, 'No,' and if someone should ask, 'Can you endure it?' he would answer, 'Yes, I can endure it, for I love the hand that drags me.' Eva, do you know what hope is?"

THREE NIGHTS OF IRON

FROM THE NOR-
WEGIAN OF KNUT
HAMSON

V. T.





"Yes, I think I know."

"You see, Eva, to hope is a strange thing, yes, a singular thing. Some morning one may be passing along the highway and one may hope to meet someone, some dear one. Now, does one meet her? No. Why not? Because she was busy this morning; because she walked by another road—"

"I knew an old blind Lap in the mountains. For fifty-eight years he had seen nothing and he was seventy years old. He imagined that little by little he was regaining his sight; that if no ill chance befell in a few years he would be able to see the sun. His hair was still black, but his old eyes were entirely white. Seated under his tent we smoked, and he told me all he had seen before he became blind. He was hardy and robust, without sensibility, with health of iron. Hope sustained him. When I made ready to go he followed me out of doors and pointed out the different directions. 'Yonder is the south, there is the north; you go by yonder path, and when you have gone so far you turn to the left and—' 'Quite right,' said I. And the Lap laughed aloud, adding, 'Well, for fifty years I have not seen it, but I see better every day, always better.' And he entered his tent, his eternal tent, and seated himself by the fire, full of hope that some day he would see again the sun."

"Eva, it is wondrous strange—hope! I even hope I may forget the girl I met this morning on the highway."

"Why do you say these things?"

"It is the third night of iron. I promise to be another man to-morrow, Eva. Leave me alone now. You will not know me to-morrow when I come. I shall laugh and kiss you, dear. Think, there is only one night more; in a few hours I shall be another man. Good night, Eva."

"Good night."

The rim of fire-light narrowed; the brown of the night crept up, blotting the stars; the white half-moon shone, wonderfully alone. I watched her—a passion for her stirred in me and I blushed.

"It is the moon!" I whispered hotly. "The moon!"

She drew my heart to her.

I know not how long I lay. A strange wind blew over me. The wind called to me and my soul replied. I felt my soul go out of me; it was clasped by invisible arms to an unseen breast; in the silence. My soul passed—a grey silhouette among the tree-stems. It was long, long before the strange wind bore it back to me.

Now all things are changed for me, be it for good or evil. My life is inflamed and a great melancholy broods over it—

Until the three nights come again.



SUR UN PORTRAIT DE LA JOCONDE

*Un beau jeune homme, aux reins féconds, au cœur puissant,
Sait faire éclore au flanc de la femme qu'il aime
Un baiser plein de vie, un enfant, un poème
De chair blanche où circule et bouillonne le sang.*

*Toi, sans espoir de fruit, fleur de beauté suprême!
Tu l'es fanée aux bras du Vinci vieillissant;
Quel désir fugitif, quel regret innocent
Fit de ta lèvre obscure un palpitant problème!*

*Dans les glaciers du rêve et leur stérilité
Rêvais-tu des bonheurs de la maternité? . . .
Dédaignais-tu les sens et leur banal délire! . . .*

*Qui sait? . . . Tu souriais au prince du pinceau;
Et cet instant dota l'univers d'un sourire
Qui l'enorgueillira plus longtemps qu'un berceau.*

MAURICE CARTUVVELS

After Wagner the deluge? No, Johannes Brahms. As well praise in golden enthusiasms the beer which comes from the Fatherland. Brahms and beer; Wagner and wine. It is a pretty alliteration, but it is strained and will not hold water. Wagner, the high priest of the music-drama; a great scene-painter in tones. Brahms, a wrestler with the Dwellers on the Threshold of the Infinite; a musical philosopher, a Kant, a Schopenhauer; but ever a poet. Remember that, a poet. "Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms," cried Von Bulow; but he forgot Schumann. The molten tide of passion and extravagance that swept over intellectual Europe three score years ago bore on its foaming crest Robert Schumann. He was first cousin to the prince of romancists, Heinrich Heine; Heine, who dipped his pen in honey and gall and sneered and wept in the same couplet. In the tangled, rich underwood of Schumann the young Brahms wandered. There he heard the moon sing silvery, and the leaves rustle rhythms to the heartbeats of lovers. All German romance, phantasy, passion was in Schumann, the Schumann of the Papillons and the Carneval. Brahms walked as did Dante, with the Shades. Bach guided his footsteps; Beethoven bade him glance aloft at the star of classicism. And Brahms had for his legacy polyphony, form, and masterful harmonies. In his music the formulist finds perfect things. Structurally he is as great as Beethoven, perhaps greater. His architectonic is superb. His melodic content is his own as he strides in stately pomp in the fugged Alexandrines of Bach. Brahms and beer—no. Brahms and Browning; Brahms and Freedom; Brahms and Now.

The romantic infant of 1832 died of intellectual anemia, leaving the world as a legacy one of the most marvellous groupings of genius since Athens's sky carolled azure glances to Pericles. Then came the revolution of 1848, and a race of sewer men sprang up from the mud. Flaubert, his face turned to the past, his feet to the future, gazed sorrowfully at Carthage and wrote an epic of the bourgeois. Zola and his gang delved into moral cesspools, and the world grew weary of the stink. Chopin and Schumann, faint, fading flowers of romanticism, were put in albums where their purple harmonies and subtle sayings are pressed into sweet twilight forgetfulness. Even Berlioz, whose orchestral ozone—true Berliozone—revivified the scores of Wagner and Liszt; even mad Hector, with the flaming locks, sounded garishly empty, brilliantly superficial. The New Man had arrived. A short, stocky youth played his sonata in C, his Opus I, for Liszt, and the Magyar of Weimar returned the compliment by singing in archangelic tones his own phantasy in B minor, which he fondly and futilely believed a sonata. Brahms fell asleep, and Liszt was enraged. But how symbolical of Brahms to fall asleep at the very onset of his career, fall asleep before Liszt's music. It is the new wearied of the old, the young fatigued by the garrulities of age. It is sad; it is wonderful. Brahms is of to-day. He is the scientist turned philosopher, the philosopher turned musician. If he were not a great composer he would be a great biologist, a great metaphysician. There are passages in his music in which I detect the philosopher contemplating his navel, the true symbol of eternity.

Brahms dreams of pure white staircases that scale the Infinite. A dazzling, dry light floods his mind, and you hear the rustling of wings—wings of great, terrifying monsters; hippogriffs of horrid mien; hieroglyphic faces, faces with stony stare, menace your imagination. He can bring down within the compass of the octave moods that are outside the pale of mortals. He is a magician, spectral at times, yet his songs have the homely lyric fervour and concision of Robert Burns. A groper after the untoward, I have shuddered at certain bars in his F sharp minor sonata and wept with the moonlit tranquility in the slow movement of the F minor sonata. He is often dull, muddy-pated, obscure, and maddeningly slow. Then a rift of lovely music wells out of the mist; you are enchanted and cry, "Brahms, master, anoint again with thy precious melodic chrism our thirsty eyelids!"

Brahms is an inexorable formulist. His four symphonies, his three piano sonatas, the choral works and chamber music—are they not all living testimony to his admirable management of masses? He is not a great colourist. For him the pigments of Makart, Wagner, and Theophile Gautier are as naught. Like Puvis de Chavannes, he is a Primitive. Simple, flat tints, primary and cool, are superimposed upon an enormous rhythmic versatility and a strenuousness of ideation. Ideas, noble, profundity-embracing ideas, he has. He says great things in a great manner, but it is not the smart, epigrammatic, scarlet, flashing style of your little man. He disdains racial allusions. He is a German, but a planetary Teuton. You seek in vain for the geographical hints, hintings that chain E-Grieg-ious Grieg to the map of Norway. Brahms's melodies are world-typical, not cabined and confined to his native breweries. This largeness of utterance, lack of polish, and a disregard for the politesse of his art do not endear him to the unthinking. Yet, what a master miniaturist he is in his little piano pieces, his intermezzi. There he catches the tender sigh of childhood or the faint, intimate flutterings of the heart stirred by desire. Feminine, he is as is no woman; virile, as few men. The sinister fury, the mocking, drastic fury of his first rhapsodies—true soul tragedies—how they unearthed the core of pessimism in our age. Pessimist? Yes, but yet believer; a believer in himself, so a believer in men and women.

He reminds me more of Browning than does Schumann. The full-pulsed humanity, the dramatic—yes, Brahms is dramatic, not theatric—modes of analysis, the flow, glow, and relentless tracking to their ultimate lair of motives is Browning; but the composer never loses his grip on the actualities of structure. After Chopin, Brahms. He gives us a cooling, deep draught in exchange for the sugared wormwood, the sweet, exasperated poison of the Polish charmer. A great sea is his music, and it sings about the base of that mighty mount we call Beethoven. Brahms takes us to subterranean depths; Beethoven is for the heights. Strong lungs are needed for the company of both these giants.

Brahms, the surgeon whose scalpel pierces the sores of modern soul-maladies. Bard and healer. Beethoven and Brahms.

A BRAHMSODY

J. G. H.



NOSOPHILIA A NORDAU HEROINE

J. G. H.



Her face was full of accents. There were rhythmic lines upon the brow which spoke of finely ordered, harmoniously marshalled thoughts. Her eyes were small, and a glance at her ears showed the lobes undetached. Their shape proved without peradventure that she disliked, even hated, music. There was nothing remarkable about the face but its accentual versatility. Odin noticed two harsh lines that furrowed either side of the nose. And the nose, slightly flattened, was curved beak-wise. The nose of a predaceous bird. She had a habit of inflating her nostrils, when animated, until her nose looked like that of a wooden rocking-horse. The figure and carriage betrayed a strong will and much courageousness. Then she had little movements, bird-like, as she preened her neck. She was not vain, but was passionately jealous.

Odin married her and together they counted white nights. The morning of their marriage the woman put her hands on the man's shoulders: "You mean this, Odin?" she said drily. "It is much to me." And then she wound about him, but did not kiss him. He was affectionate and told her to comfort herself. She did not answer, but plunged her face into his neck. Long inhalations, passionate inhalations she took, and he stood confused, trembling. She was so unlike other women he had known. As the weeks merged into months he noticed with alarm his wife's curious taste for odours. She filled their rooms with scent-bottles and spent the day arranging and fussing over them. He joked her about it; but she looked sad, so he refrained. One day he found her reading a French story by Huysmans, "A Rebours." Odin could not speak French, but he felt jealous without exactly knowing the reason. She grew every night more tender. It seemed to Odin she was becoming strange. Always reserved, she would sit for an evening without uttering a sound, flacon in hand, inhaling some perfume. She saw but few, and startled her husband by telling him that she knew people merely by their odours. Once she said, "I smell your brother," and a moment later he entered the house. That night Odin dreamed of vampires; vampires that gazed at him with the inscrutable eyes of his wife. He became oppressed by her manner of embracing him. It stifled, it repelled him, and soon he feared bed-time. If she would not so eagerly, so strenuously, sniff at his neck! It was unwomanly; it was unnatural.

Her passion for odours grew apace. She emulated Huysman's degenerate hero, Des Esseintes, in costly experiments. Her life went into her nostrils, and the breath of her nostrils was odours; odours penetrating as iris, odours full of dumb music, inarticulate passion. She would roll by the hour over a rug saturated with tuberose, and Odin was reminded of a cat. He grew thin, and his wife feline. Her eyes half closed, her muzzle, instinct with tremulousness, seemed to search for new smells. Odin began to stay away of nights. He was not a drinking man, but he foresaw dissipation if the strain lasted much longer. Naturally healthy-minded, he abhorred the abnormal, and when a friend advised him to read Max Simon Nordau's "Degeneration," he refused. Having a discussion about varying types of degeneration at his club, he bought the ponderous, tiresome tome. There was much that bored him, much that he did not look at, but one passage set him reading about Baudelaire and his passion for perfumes, and then the truth came upon him unawares. His wife was a degenerate. She had a morbid, a horrible love of odours. She was a nosophile, a thing that divined the world about her by her scent, as does the dog. This intoxication, hideously subtle, was deadly, dulling, and supremely dangerous for her soul's welfare. Had he not read the Fathers of the Church? Had not Saint Augustin, had not the Holy Ambrose warned women publicly from the pulpit against the corrupting evils of perfume? Perfumes, the most villainous ally of Satan! Oh, why had he been so blind! If she married him for his own peculiar personal odour, was it not possible that she might discover a man whose scent would be more alluring? Odin grew madly jealous when he thought of his barber. Then he resolved to watch. But it was fruitless of result. His wife continued as passionately in love with his neck, his hair, and she gave no hint of change.

The household was neglected, and bills from perfumers and chemists rolled in. Odin noticed that she grew cool when his hair was not heavily perfumed, and his vanity often got the better of his good taste. One day the mistress of a club friend died. No one was at the funeral but the bereaved man and Odin. The leavetaking from the body was most affecting. Odin's friend loved the dead woman and Odin himself was fond of her. He kissed her brow and threw a spray of tuberose on her breast before the coffin-lid was closed. That night he stayed late at the club and drank deeply with his friend. It was two o'clock when he let himself into his hall, a little the better for wine, and then he went up-stairs as silently as his befogged feet would allow him. When he entered his room, it was lighted by two gas-jets and on the bed his wife sprawled in joyless pose. Odin undressed slowly, reluctantly. This loveless union was becoming a martyrdom. What if he escaped it, what if he boldly confessed to his wife the utter misery of their marriage! Ah! he was brave this night. The funeral and the champagne had given him hysterical courage. In his underclothing he stepped to the bed and touched her head. She at once sat up, staring at him with strange eyes. Her glance was disheartening. The expression narcotized, and through Odin's mind there flashed the idea that she might be an eater of drugs. One look at her nose curving with pride and passion told him she was the victim of something infinitely more sensual, more hopelessly enslaving, than opium.

"Come to me, Odin," she moaned. "I am mad for you, mad for your face, your sweet odour." The man was nauseated. The thing was too horrible to last longer. She noticed his gesture of repulsion, and with a bound like a leopard's she threw herself on him, and he toppled over on the bed. Winding her long, ape-like arms about his body, she pressed her nose upon his neck. "Tuberose! Oh, devil, you have been with a woman; I smell her; pig!" she screamed, and she bit into his jugular vein, tearing and rending the flesh like a wild beast, blinded with blood, ferocious and growling. They were both cold when the police broke into the house twenty-four hours later.



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